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WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.

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GREENWOOD LEAVES FROM OVER THE SEA.

No. 23.

ROME, November 29, 1852.

MY DEAR T.—For a letter which will have to do with modern Rome alone, surely the church of churches, the crucified fisherman's magnificent and mountainous monument—St. Peter's—will furnish a fitting, natural, and dignified beginning.

The outside view of St. Peter's disappointed me, as it does almost every one; the great number and enormous size of the columns which compose the grand colonnade in front, and the admirable proportions of the building itself having to my eyes a strangely diminishing effect. But the first full view of the interior struck a glorious picture upon my mind, which all the waves of time can never wash away—it seems to me even the light of the unsetting sun of eternity cannot fade. That moment is stored into my soul, with those in which I first beheld Niagara and the Coliseum.

St. Peter's is not alone grand, beautiful, vast, and magnificent—it is absolutely sublime; you feel awestruck, utterly overwhelmed by its unimagined immensity, its incomparable stupendousness. Were it not for its general harmony of style and just proportion, it would seem not a single gigantic structure, but a mass of congregated and consecrated buildings all constituting a vast accumulation of the splendors of art and the wonders of architecture—the piled offerings of the pride and piety of many ages and nations, the mighty type and temple of a world's worship, towering toward

God.

It was far from impossible for good Protestants to feel devotional at St. Peter's, for though lighter and less gorgeous than most Catholic cathedrals, we find it more solemn than any; its stillness and vastness are profoundly impressive, and among its countless shrines, statues, and pictures, there are comparatively few objects offensive to our taste, understanding, and common sense. My eye was most revolted by the stiff bronze figure of St. Peter, sitting bolt upright, key in hand and foot extended, to receive the pious homage of the people. This miserable production has long been the particular object of popular worship—the lip-service of millions of the devout has repeatedly worn away the solid metal, and the holy saint has been at least thrice re-toed. The best of the joke to a heretic is, that it is not St. Peter at all, but an old and very ugly statue of Jove, enthroned, and simply grasping a key, instead of a bolt.

One of our party had the atrocity to remark that this transformation and transfer were, after all, but properly typical of the saint's conversion from Jove Peter to Christian Peter.

The works of Bernini and his disciples, marked as they nearly all are by the wild extravagance and boisterous strength with which this master seemed to boil over—bushy-headed saints, who look as though they had just alighted from riding on a whirlwind and directing a storm—angels in such a state of dishevelled discomposure, with their drapery in such a crazy flutter of breezy folds, and their very winged feathers so on end, you could almost believe them just escaped from some celestial incense asyem—these are simply detestable.

There are here a few monumental works by Thorwaldsen and Canova, which go far to make you forget these sculptured abominations. Many figures, originally fine, are utterly spoiled by an atrocious addition of drapery, consisting of sheets of tin, painted in the imitation of marble. The modesty of Holy Mother Church has evidently had an alarming outbreak of late years, in the direction of art. Scarce a gleam of a saintly leg or an angelic bosom is now permitted to shock the pure eyes of the devout; but figures poetic and allegorical—muses, seraphs, and the larger-sized cherubs, are henceforth to be muffed up and wound about in this ungraceful and uncomfortable manner. "How soft you may y' pens!" Oh, saints name and holy fathers!

It is really a great and memorable thing to stand under the grand dome and look up, up, to the far-sounding of the pictured glory and mystery of the Grandeur. The splendor of those wondrous frescoes, mosaics, and all the elaborate beauty of the surrounding ornaments, seems to strike down upon you, and dazzling you like the sun at noonday.

Just as we were leaving, after that first visit, the sound of an organ came from one of the chapels nearest the altar, and rolled down the magnificence, now rounded, solemn and sweet. The melodious flood seemed to swell about us, our feet, and bear us forth.

Since seeing St. Peter's, all other churches seem to have sunken away out of sight. I never go to any other, except to hear fine music, see some particular work of art, or witness some imposing ceremony. Yesterday we saw the Pope perform high mass at the Sistine chapel in the Vatican. The music was grand, and the ceremony very magnificent and impressive; to a heretic, into that portion of the chapel we were not, no spectators are admitted, unless dressed entirely in black—the ladies must wear black veils with their heads without bonnets, and for gentlemen, a dress coat is as indispensable as at the opera. A gilded open-work screen separates this part from that in which are the altar and papal throne. When we entered, the Pope was seated on the latter, under a canopy of purple and gold, in his resplendent sacerdotal robes, with his towering mitre on his head, and with his red-robed Cardinals about him. The blaze of silver and gold at the illuminated altar, breaking through wreathing clouds of incense—the gorgously-frescoed roof and walls, where the gigantic genius of Michael Angelo stands forth superb and awful in majesty and power—the magnificent costume of the Cardinals, Bishops, and other high church-dignitaries—the striking antique costume of the Swiss Guards, the gleam of their helmets and halberds—all constituted a scene peculiar and inconceivably splendid.

In Rome the "sacred elements" are removed from church to church, and chapel to chapel, every forty-eight hours. This was the occasion of their being removed from the Sistine to the Pauline chapel, which is also in the Vatican.

The Pope did not officiate constantly at the altar, but sat most of the time on his throne; and whenever he rose to take part personally in the ceremonies, whenever his soft-toned voice was heard in prayer, or his paternal hands extended in benediction, all the faithful dropped on their knees. The Swiss Guard going down with a resounding clang of arms.

At length, the procession formed. A small canopy of white silk and silver, very like the state umbrella of a Chinese Mandarin, was held over the head of his Holiness, and with cardinals, bishops, and guards, before, around, and behind him, he walked from the altar to the first door of the chapel, where a larger canopy of white silk and silver received him, and was borne over him the remainder of the way to the Pauline chapel. I had a very near view of the sovereign Pontiff, as he passed slowly forth, praying audibly and apparently earnestly, and also as he returned, in less state and at a much less solemn pace. I like the papal countenance extremely; it may be wanting in strength, but it is beautiful in shape and feature, and remarkably gentle and meek in expression. It is truly a benevolent face, and strangely like that of our friend, Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham.

The Pope is rather stout, yet by no means gross—he looks healthful, but a little indolent in contrast to him, was Cardinal Antonielli, the real force and brain of the present Government, who walked a little in advance of his Holiness, and showed for what he is—a proud, subtle, ambitious, unscrupulous spirit. His lips moved mechanically, but little prayed his dark, restless, sinistre eyes.

We afterwards visited the chapel in which the sacrament had been deposited with such pomp and circumstance, and found it as brilliant as rich marbles, gold and silver, and wax lights innumerable, could make it.

From thence we drove to the Catacombs, that dark subterranean source of the mighty spiritual desolation which has subverted empires and exterminated religions, but whose power and glory have declined, and are declining fast, and whose sanctity has become an idle fable at which, openly or secretly, the world laughs.

On the Pincian, which is the principal Roman drive and promenade, we often encounter troops of boys and youths, in training for the Church, dressed in flowing gowns, and something very like petticoats of black or white flannel, and wearing immense broad-brimmed hats. Nearly all these have faces either cumbering, or to the last degree stolid in expression. We there often meet the higher church dignitaries—Cardinals, whom we know by their red legs, and bishops, who are proclaimed by their purple legs. In short, one might suppose it had rained priests for forty days and forty nights upon the land.

Religious processions are very common in the streets—but it is remarkable that you seldom see them followed, or observed with apparent reverence, by any but old men and women, and mere children. A long procession of monks, chanting a dirge and bearing tapers, passed our house one afternoon, lately preceding a body, borne coffinless, but richly pallied upon a bier. Seeing that they entered a church in the Corso, near by, and thinking that after so much street parade the ceremonies there would be very imposing, I hurried on a bonnet and shawl, and hastened to witness them. But when I reached the Church, lo! the great multitude of holy fathers had vanished, with the exception of two or three, who lounge near the door, chatting and laughing. In the centre of the dim church stood the bier, and a couple of workmen in their shirt sleeves were putting the body into a rough deal coffin, talking loudly and unconcernedly, meanwhile. A group of little children were witnesses with me to the ghastly sight. Their large eyes grew a trifle larger with instinctive fear and wonder, but they were not too much horrified to be of me, in a low, whispering, spanish-like whine.

The next morning I saw a less painful sight—a procession of boys, dressed in white, parading and following the body of a child. The bier was draped in white, and decked with wreaths of roses and the dirge chanted by all those fresh, young voices, was touchingly sweet and mournful.

The Romans of rank and fortune are singularly handsome—you see little in their dress to distinguish them from the English or French, resident here, but unerringly recognise them by their pale, olive complexion, their shining black hair, and large, magnificent eyes—not the quick, fiery, sparkling eyes, that flash lightning-like upon you in Southern France, but those of full-orded yet chaotic thought; of sunburned passion, dreamy and soft; eyes which do not strike your gaze off from their bright surfaces, yet are utterly unattractive, and into which you can look down on depth of mystery and darkness.

The common people are gayer in manner, and you sometimes remark among their forms and faces of striking beauty. I regret to say that the picturesque beauty of this class seems rapidly going out, at least in the large towns. I have seen comparatively few women in the distinctive Roman dress, and most of these are old and ugly, holding with the deadly tenacity of a vice to the things of the world—alas, I fear a Partington-like resistance to the onward sweep of French fashions and Manchester prints. I sometimes see in the streets a *contadina* from Albano, in a brilliant dress of red and white, or out on the Campagna sheepish boy, clad in a regular John-the-Baptist kit of sheepskin, who really look as though they had just stepped out of a picture.

They are far and more intelligent-looking than the Irish peasants—their dwellings are infinitely better, and with pleasure and more poetic thoughts—but they oft told truth must be repeated—there is not in the civilized world a people more independent and uncouthly habits. In all the towns we have yet visited in the best streets, along the public walks, about the palaces and churches, we meet disgusting filth and vile stenches enough to breed a pestilence which might scourge the world. After a little observation of what manner of lives the common people lead, you little wonder that, for all their delusions, they are seldom healthful in appearance. You see very few with the rich, kindling, sun-kissed complexion, which painters and poets give them—nearly all their faces are colorless, and some are sallow to the last degree. The children are usually miserably pale and thin. I have seen poor babes tightly swaddled, as all infants are here, lying on the ground or carried stiffly in their mothers' arms, like blocks of wood, whose great patient eyes looked out of faint peacock-green. Yet among this class there are, of course, some children, treasures and God-sends to painters and sculptors, whose beauty seems to spring rich and perfect from the very filth and misery which surround them, like those gorgeous flowers which feed and flourish on corruption. These dirty little vagabonds are liable to be waylaid and kidnapped by ready arts, stripped of their rags, washed and posed, then to reappear in profane full length, pinioned and quivered as Cupids, or in sacred quarter length, a cherubic head and wings, with indelible cloudy continuations.

In passing through the suburbs or inferior streets of any Italian town, on Sunday, or any other day of more than usual leisure, you will witness an odd and purely Italian sight—mothers seated in, or in front of, their doors, with the heads of their children in their laps, absorbed in an indescribable and hardly intelligible maternal duty. At first, I took them for practical pharmacists, making careful and conscientious examinations of the organs of their responsibilities, that they might "train them up in the way they should go."

The beggars constitute a prominent and a most repulsive feature of Italy. They appear in every imaginable variety and degree of wretchedness, disease, and deformity. They beset you everywhere, and at all times—in ways, drives, churches, on the steps of palaces, in shops, *cafés*, among the ruins—at early morning, at noon, at midnight. It is not safe for you to pause to admire a handsome peasant woman, or child, however well dressed, for begging seems the earliest instinct, the universal, ruling passion of the people.

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Driving in the country lately, we passed a stream, on whose banks some women were washing linen, and on seeing us, an old dame, of at least seventy, dropped the ragged sheet she was cleansing on a rock, dashed through the water up to her venerable knees, cleared the bank with a bound, and presented her withered and dripping palm at the couch door, keeping up with the full speed of our horses—a hideous, horrible creature, chattering and howling like a very devil, till we excorised her with a few *bocci*. As for those even legitimate objects of charity, the blind, diseased, deformed, maimed, and crippled, they seem as innumerable as the waves of the sea. You see men with sturdy, broad chests, and big, bushy heads, on legs which have shrunk into a second childhood, and lie coiled under them like snakes. Among the regular tapers in wait about the doors of the churches, is an old woman with an immense won, protruding from her forehead like the horn of a unicorn, and a boy whose withered right arm hangs bare at his side, stiff straight, and slender like a pump-handle. Men, legs and arms, mere tortoise shells, with spines wriggle across your path like reptiles, and, in short, there is no end to these deformed forms of humanity, these dismembered members of society. I am always most touched with the appeals of the blind and the maimed.

To be sighted and crippled in Italy. Oh! God of life, of poetry, and light!

With soldiers and priests Rome actually swarms. You go nowhere that you do not see the French and Papal troops, though far more of the former than of the latter. Indeed, from the number of barracks, sentinel points, parades, marching hither and thither, bugle-calls, and noisy drum-beatings, one might suppose Rome entirely under foreign rule and military law. As for the holy priesthood, as was said of another institution, its "name is legion." You meet, everywhere, dark, sinister-looking Jesuits, in their sombre robes, moving about by twos at a peculiar, stealthy, prowling gait—walking presentments of the very blackness of spiritual darkness, stupid, vulgar-looking Franks.

Discans, in coarse gowns of brown cloth, rope-girdled; bare-footed, shaven, begging friars, sometimes leading asses laden with the plough offerings of the faithful—the more asses they have, the younger, the more *abbés* who contrive in some inexplicable way to give a dandical touch to their ugly, unmannerly costume, and who are seduced too much rap in heavenly contemplation to east searching and insinuating glances at the young and comely women they chance to meet.

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Below this, spreads the lawn on every side—not level, but gently waving, and covered with grass as soft, as smooth, and as downy as velvet; and everywhere the eye roves with pleasure over a turf of brilliant intense green, except where it is variegated with the floral motto of gay parties, or trellised arbors, or reservoirs, or single magnificent forest trees left standing in honor of their monarchal grandeur. The parties are rich, beautiful, and fragrant beyond description; there our hot-house plants bloom in the open air; and there our common garden flowers—violets, lilies, roses, myrtles, irises, and innumerable others—flourish with surpassing luxuriance. The arbors, of delicate trellis-work and elegant form, are shaded and adorned with vine-gines of rich Araceum and cape jessamine, honeysuckles, and woodbine. The reservoirs contained gold fish, and other ornamental specimens of the piscatorial kingdom.

This extensive and beautiful lawn is surrounded by an iron open-work fencing, very light and elegant in appearance, yet very strong and impassable. Three ornamented gates relieve the uniformity of this iron trellis; one on the north leads through to the orange groves, always inviting and delightful, whether in full bloom, and shedding ambrosial perfume in the fall. The gate on the north admitted into the vineyard, where every variety of the finest and rarest grapes flourished in luxuriant abundance. The one on the east is central between these two others and leads from the lawn down to the white and pebbly beach of the Pearl, where pretty boats are always moored for the convenience of the ramblers who might desire to cross the river.

And then the curving river itself is well named the Pearl, from the soft, semi-transparent glow of roseate, whitish, or saffron tints, caught from the heavens.

Across the soft water, in rich contrast, lie hills and groves, and cotton-fields—the latter, one of the gayest features in Southern scenery. They are sometimes a mile square. They are planted in straight rows six feet apart; and the earth between them, of a rich Spanish-red color, is kept entirely clean from weeds. The plants grow to the height of seven feet, and spread in full-leaved branches, bearing brilliant white and gold-hued flowers. When in full bloom, a cotton-field by itself is a gorgeous landscape. Beyond these hills, and groves, and cotton-fields, are other cotton-fields, and groves, and hills, extending on and on, until after they blend with the horizon, in soft, indistinct hues mingled together like the tints of the clouds.

I have led you through the beautiful grounds immediately around and in front of the villa; but behind the mansion, and back of the grove, there are gardens and orchards, and still other fields of cotton, and cotton-fields, and offices, and the negro village called "The Quarters." And of that, more hereafter. I wish to introduce you to her for whom this charming home had been adorned and perfumed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EXTRACTS FROM OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

Tipton, Cedar co., Iowa, Dec. 21, 1852.—I hope still to be able to give you a few names to add to your list, from time to time, as I find that if a man can be induced to take your paper, he is most sure to be right when the time for working comes round. I would just suggest to the friends in the East, whether, in view of our infancy and weakness in Iowa, and the peculiar state of the public mind among us, which is now very unsettled, just in the condition to be favorably impressed—it would not be right and expedient for them to lend us some assistance, in the form of lectures and funds, to advance the good cause.

Payson, Adams co., Ill., Dec. 27, 1852.—Last year, but three copies of the *Era* were taken in this place; they however, were read by more than five times that number of individuals, and now the readers are increased in the same proportion to more than fifty. The expectation of future articles from the pen of Mrs. Stowe will no doubt materially increase the number of subscribers in this place; but the principles which you so ably and fearlessly advocate are beginning to take root here, many acknowledging their superiority over those advocated by the old parties, and showing that they have voted for the last time with Hunkerism.

Lewiston, Lincoln co., Me., Dec. 28, 1852.—We have over 100 Hale voters in this town, and more than 100 more that say they would have voted for him if there had been any chance of his election. I believe that there is enough of just such Hale men in the States to have elected him, if they had all voted for him. I am sure that we could have carried this State, and this is one of the hardest. If the friends of freedom will but keep organized, we can carry the North before the next election.

Troy, Oakland co., Mich., Jan. 3, 1853.—On the 21st of October last, Senators Cass and Fitch, Gov. McClelland, ex-M. C. Stewart, and Gen. Stevens, M. C. (since elected from this district), with others, attended and made six or eight speeches to four hundred spectators, and on the 31st we raised a pole, 107 feet high, at the town-house, two miles from the village; and on the 3d of November this town deposited \$6 ball. for Hale, 90 for Pierce, and 105 for Scott. Thursday evening last we met, organized, heard speeches, and adjourned for one week. We were trying to extend the circulation of the *Free Democrat*, to circulate the documents, the efforts, and the hopes, of its supporters.

The INDEPENDENT PRESS.—Our friends in nearly all the States, when they send us new subscribers, say that they could have forwarded many more, but for the claims of the local Anti-Slavery press. While determined to extend the circulation of the *Era*, they are equally determined to sustain their own State papers. This is right. There is a wide field for us all; the People are ready to hear; give them the old parties.

To those who suppose that the large increase in our circulation is at the expense of kindred papers, we commend the notices we have made this week of our Anti-Slavery papers, and of improvements in those already established. The record would have been larger, if we had had more room.

DR. WILLIAM ELDER, of Philadelphia, (our correspondent Senior,) at the request of a number of gentlemen in that city, has agreed to deliver a course of lectures on Productive Industry and the Theory of the Organization of Labor. We should like to be in Philadelphia to hear them.

SENATOR UPHAM, of Vermont, died at his lodgings in Washington, last Friday evening, after a painful illness.

REORGANIZATION OF THE NAVY.

Senator Stockton has reported a bill in the Senate for the reorganization of the Navy. It recommends a retired list, deputes promotion by seniority without regard to merit, &c., and suggests the abolition of the grade of Masters and Passed Midshipmen.

For the seamen, it recommends "such increase of pay as will approximate the amount paid by the commercial marine, and propose rewards of merit, besides opening the way to promotion to the sailor boy whose conduct is worthy of it."

We are glad to see these reforms, which we have often insisted upon in the *Era*, at last receiving attention in the proper quarter. One other clause might be added to the bill with advantage, and that is, a provision for well-furnished libraries on all our vessels of war.

SLAVERY IN PENNSYLVANIA.—A bill has been introduced in the Senate of Pennsylvania, to allow slaveholders the privilege of transit through that State with their slaves.

A friend in Boston determined to circulate information among the people, writes—

Newton, Mass., Dec. 30, 1852.—We shall be delighted to know that the *Era* is preaching at least to 50,000 subscribers '53 has fled; it comforts us some to know that it has reached that number already.

Manchester, Conn., Dec. 31, 1852.—Our vote was small in this town—confined almost entirely to the readers of the *Era*, some of whom had never even thought before that they could vote with any but the old parties. We count on all that read it a year.

Somerset, Niagara co., N. Y., Jan. 8, 1853.—Whoever reads the *Era* among us, is very sure to come out within the year a Democrat.

Steubenville, O., Jan. 3, 1853.—Believing as I do in the principles laid down in your prospectus, I hope this year will not close without nearly thousand subscribers on your list.

Manchester, Conn., Dec. 31, 1852.—Our vote was small in this town—confined almost entirely to the readers of the *Era*, at last receiving attention in the proper quarter. One other clause might be added to the bill with advantage, and that is, a provision for well-furnished libraries on all our vessels of war.

SLAVERY IN PENNSYLVANIA.—A bill has been introduced in the Senate of Pennsylvania, to allow slaveholders the privilege of transit through that State with their slaves.

Mr. CLIFFORD (Whig) has been elected Governor of Massachusetts.

The HON. MR. FITZPATRICK has been elected by the Legislature of Alabama to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of the Vice President elect.

A fair illustration of what individual efforts may accomplish.—*Ed. Era.*

Potton, Dec. 30, 1850.—The vote in this place was 131 for Pierce; 136 for Scott; and for John P. Hale we give 113—decidedly a gain; and we intend to attend to matters in this town, and by the next Presidential election hope to give John P. Hale, or whoever our candidate may be, a good majority.

Auburn, N. Y., Dec. 29, 1852.—I apprehend we shall have to make fight in our State on the slave question, over the proposed re-establishment of the nine months' Slave Law. O, shame for my country, that such a base thing should be proposed in a civilized community. It is advocated by the Albany *Register*, a Silver Gray Whig paper. If it should be brought into our Legislature, I think it will draw the lines anew, and give Free Democracy a large increase in the State. Our New York merchants will doubtless advocate its passage, or any other bill that would give them trade. O, what base-ness!

Oskaloosa, Iowa, Dec. 25, 1852.—I am satisfied that if all the voters of the State would give your paper an impartial reading for one year, John P. Hale would be our next President.

Wilkesboro, O., Jan. 6, 1853.—Depend upon it, John P. Hale will receive such a vote here in '53 as was never given before for liberty in this part of Ohio. Many Whigs say they have voted the Whig ticket for the last time, and many Democrats seem much dissatisfied. You will hear a good report from us at the next election. Such a bundle of *Eras* now comes to this office as fairly astonishes the natives. One thing speaks well for your subscribers here—they are all good temperance men.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1853.

TERMS OF THE NATIONAL ERA.

One copy, one year	\$2
Three copies	5
Five copies	8
Ten copies	15

These terms regulate the price of the *Era* for single copies, and for clubs, to *old or new subscribers*. Three, five, or ten old subscribers, for example, by clubbing may have so many copies of the *Era* for \$5, \$8, or \$15.

AGENTS AND CLUBS.

Agents are entitled to fifty cents on each new yearly subscriber, and twenty-five cents on each renewed subscriber—*except in the case of clubs*.

A club of three subscribers, one of whom may be an old one, at \$5, will entitle the person making it up to a copy of the *Era* for three months; a club of five, two of whom may be old ones, at \$8, to a copy for six months; a club of ten; five of whom may be old ones, at \$15, to a copy for one year. Money to be forwarded by mail, at our risk. Large amounts may be remitted in drafts or certificates of deposit. It will be seen that the price of the paper, single copy, is two dollars a year. Agents sometimes allow a subscriber, whom they obtain or renew, the benefit of their commission, so that the subscriber, by their kindness, gets his paper for \$1.50, or \$1.75, as the case may be.

Mr. Wm. ALCOON, No. 828 Lombard street, is our agent for the city of Philadelphia, and is fully authorized to receive for subscriptions to this paper.

Mr. A. will deliver the paper to subscribers, at their residence or places of business, on the payment of fifty cents per annum, in addition to the regular subscription price.

Single copies of the paper may also be had at his residence.

If any of our Philadelphia subscribers are in arrears to Mr. A., they are requested to make immediate payment to him, as we have given him positive instructions to cut off all who have not paid for the paper in advance.

The Merchants' Exchange Bank, of Washington, D. C., we know nothing of. It will not be received in payment for subscriptions to this paper; nor will any other, purporting to be issued in this city or Georgetown, D. C., except the following:

Bank of Commerce, Georgetown; Hugh B. Sweaney, Cashier.

Bank of the Metropolis, Washington; J. W. Murray, President; Rich'd Smith, Cashier.

Bank of Washington, Washington; William Gunton, President; Jas. Adams, Cashier.

Patriotic Bank, Washington; G. C. Grammer, President; C. Bostor, Cashier.

Exchange Bank, Washington; W. Selden, President; W. C. Bostor, Cashier.

Corporation of Georgetown, D. C.; H. M. Addison, Mayor; W. Jewell, Assistant Clerk.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE.—We continue to give extracts from our correspondence. We know not how we can convey a better idea of the Independent Democratic movement; of the intentions, the efforts, and the hopes, of its supporters.

The *INDEPENDENT PRESS*.—Our friends in nearly all the States, when they send us new subscribers, say that they could have forwarded many more, but for the claims of the local Anti-Slavery press. While determined to extend the circulation of the *Era*, they are equally determined to sustain their own State papers.

This is right. There is a wide field for us all; the People are ready to hear; give them the old parties.

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To those who suppose that the large increase in our circulation is at the expense of kindred papers, we commend the notices we have made this week of our Anti-Slavery papers, and of improvements in those already established. The record would have been larger, if we had had more room.

DR. WILLIAM ELDER, of Philadelphia, (our correspondent Senior,) at the request of a number of gentlemen in that city, has agreed to deliver a course of lectures on Productive Industry and the Theory of the Organization of Labor. We should like to be in Philadelphia to hear them.

SENATOR UPHAM, of Vermont, died at his lodgings in Washington, last Friday evening, after a painful illness.

REORGANIZATION OF THE NAVY.

Senator Stockton has reported a bill in the Senate for the reorganization of the Navy. It recommends a retired list, deputes promotion by seniority without regard to merit, &c., and suggests the abolition of the grade of Masters and Passed Midshipmen.

For the seamen, it recommends "such increase of pay as will approximate the amount paid by the commercial marine, and propose rewards of merit, besides opening the way to promotion to the sailor boy whose conduct is worthy of it."

We are glad to see these reforms, which we have often insisted upon in the *Era*, at last receiving attention in the proper quarter. One other clause might be added to the bill with advantage, and that is, a provision for well-furnished libraries on all our vessels of war.

SLAVERY IN PENNSYLVANIA.—A bill has been introduced in the Senate of Pennsylvania, to allow slaveholders the privilege of transit through that State with their slaves.

A friend in Boston determined to circulate information among the people, writes—

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"JANESVILLE FREE PRESS" is the title of a large and handsome weekly, commenced on the 6th instant, at Janesville, Wisconsin, by "an Association of Free Democrats" under the editorial supervision of Joseph Baker, at one dollar and a half a year, *invariably in advance*. In his introduction, the editor says:

"We are engaging in no sectional war against the South, though we shall contend against wrong and oppression, whether they exist at the North or South. In fact, we have a far better opinion of the slaveholder who has always lived at the South, than we have of the Northern slave-catcher. The former was educated to believe Slavery is right, and his habits and interest have strengthened his prejudices; the latter was educated a friend in a free State, and is a renegade. We should reason with a slaveholder who labors under the mistaken idea that we are his friends and trying to injure him, and show him that *Sia* very is, if possible, a greater curse to the white than to the black man, but the dough-faces are past reason. To withhold votes is the only argument for them, for they feel no other; and this argument must be used. We do not seek nor expect their assistance, though we do hope much from the *freemen* of Wisconsin."

MAHONING FREE DEMOCRAT.—Edward D. Howard, Editor; M. Collaton, Publisher. The first number of this weekly, published at Youngstown, Ohio, has been sent to us for an exchange. It is a large sheet, well printed, and well filled, and devoted to the cause of Independent Democracy. The editor says:

"The Free Democratic party, standing alone upon consistency and uncompromising Anti-Slavery ground, acknowledging no other issue, and preparing honorable defeat to victory with sacrifice of principle, looking to the future as the harvest-time of his labors, and waiting patiently for the winter snows and summer suns to perfect the golden grain; stripped of its metempsychosis of 1848, was *felt to be* stronger and more vigorous than ever before.

"And now the struggle is past, and what is the result? Pierce is elected, and thousands of the Anti-Slavery voters in both parties are set free! No one says no one in the North believes, the battle of 'fifty-two is to be fought over again in 'fifty-six. There is all through our land a conviction a prophecy in the hearts of the people, that after this the issue of thought and the issue of action will be identical; that the question henceforth will be between Slavery and Freedom. To this end we shall labor—in this we ask the co-operation of all friends of Freedom, of whatever name. Not that to me, not me to thee, but come we all together for the right."

THE ASHLBURY SENTINEL.—This paper is now owned by W. C. Howells, its present editor, and J. L. Oliver. It will be printed hereafter in Jefferson, on a steam power press, and published simultaneously in Jefferson and Ashbury. The next number will be greatly enlarged and improved. Success to the Sentinel.

"THE COLUMBIAN" is the title of a new weekly paper just commenced at Columbus, Ohio. It is designed to be a central organ for the Independent Democratic party of Ohio. It is edited and published by L. L. Rice, formerly editor of the Painesville *Telegraph*, and long known for his consistent devotion to the Principles of the Party whose interests he has been selected to defend at the capital of the State. The first number of the paper is issued as a specimen; the next will appear so soon as the list of subscribers shall have been completed. Suitable arrangements have been made to give permanency and efficiency to the paper. The number before us shows ability and tact in the editorial department, and excellent taste in the miscellaneous. The terms of the paper require two dollars a year, *invariably in advance*, or one dollar and fifty cents when the paper is sent to clubs of ten subscribers or more, ordered at one time and to one post office.

THE FREE DEMOCRAT.—The first number, of this weekly, the central organ of the Independent Democratic Party of Indiana, has at last made its appearance. Like its neighbor, the *Columbian*, it is printed on a sheet not quite so large as the *era*, in clear type and on good paper. Its appearance is highly creditable to the enterprise of its worthy editor and proprietor, R. V. Vale. Its price is one dollar and fifty cents, *invariably in advance*, the larger size of the type enabling its proprietor to put it a little lower than the *Columbian*. The first number is well filled, and must command the enterprise to the confidence and favor of our friends in Indiana. We are glad that they have now a central organ through which they can promote a thorough and an efficient State organization.

We like one thing specially about these new papers: they adopt the cash system: payment *invariably in advance* is the rule. Adherence to this will give stability to their concerns.

"THE HOLY BIBLE."—Dunigan & Brother, of Fulton street, have just published the sixth number of their cheap and beautiful quarterly edition of the Catholic Bible. This number contains a handsome steel engraving of Joseph sold by his brethren."

We have received all the numbers of this Bible to No. 7 inclusive. It is an authorized edition of Haydock's Catholic Family Bible and Commentary, published by Dunigan & Brother, New York, under the auspices of Bishop Hughes. It is beautifully got up, and again we command it to our Protestant readers who wish to examine an authorized Catholic version of the Bible.

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.—The Loudoun (Va.) Chronicle gives the following tabular view of the Society of Friends:

States.	Churches.	Agg. aco.
Connecticut	5	1,025
Delaware	9	8,636
Georgia	2	500
Illinois	6	1,550
Indiana	35	43,015
Iowa	5	1,550
Maine	24	7,225
Maryland	26	7,766
Massachusetts	37	13,723
Michigan	7	1,400
New Hampshire	15	4,700
New Jersey	62	25,545
New York	132	49,314
North Carolina	30	12,620
Ohio	94	30,866
Pennsylvania	141	60,974
Rhode Island	18	6,270
South Carolina	1	500
Tennessee	4	1,600
Vermont	7	2,550
Virginia	14	6,300
Total	714	282,823
District of Columbia	1	200

OHIO DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.—The Piero Democratic State Convention, which met at Columbus on the 8th instant, nominated Mr. Medill for Governor, Mr. Bliss for Lieutenant Governor, and Mr. Breslin for Treasurer. Resolutions endorsing the Baltimore platform were laid upon the table, and the Convention adopted the resolutions of 1850, whether including or excluding the Anti-Slavery resolves the telegraph does not state positively.

JOHN M. CLAYTON has been re-elected U. S. Senator from Delaware, for six years from the 4th of March next.

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"Mr. Hunter reported the House bill making appropriations for the payment of naval expenses for the year ending June 30, 1854; which was considered and passed.

Also, the House bill making appropriations for the payment of invalid and other pensions for the year ending June 30, 1854; which was also passed with a verbal amendment.

Mr. Cass submitted the following resolution, which lies over:

Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested, so far as may be compatible with the public interest, to communicate to the Senate copies of any correspondence which took place with the Minister of Great Britain in the United States in respect to the treaty negotiated by Mr. Squier with Nicaragua, which was submitted to the Senate in 1850; also, a copy of said treaty, and of any substitute for it, or any part of it, submitted to the American Government by the British Minister, and of the letters of the latter, urging the acceptance of such substitute, and this treaty was suspended, and the English again resumed possession of Roatan, under the command of Commodore Macdonald, then commanding British forces, took possession of the islands, hauled down the Honduras flag, and raised that of England. He had, however, scarcely left than the British flag was taken down, and the Union Jack displayed. Macdonald was shortly after removed from the post, and the British Government repudiated his conduct as unauthorized; and the Central American States thought that all claim to the islands was abandoned by Great Britain. But they were mistaken; they were weak, and had to submit to whatever that proud power might dictate. Great Britain asserts no claim over these islands, except so far as that claim is connected with the Belize. In 1843, Commodore Macdonald, then commanding British forces, took possession of the islands, hauled down the Honduras flag, and raised that of England. He had, however, scarcely left than the British flag was taken down, and the Union Jack displayed. Macdonald was shortly after removed from the post, and the British Government repudiated his conduct as unauthorized; and the Central American States thought that all claim to the islands was abandoned by Great Britain. 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WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.
SLAVERY AND ITS DEFENDERS.
BY A NORTH CAROLINIAN.

"*Slavery in the Southern States*" is the title of a small pamphlet, written by a "Carolinian," with a view of counteracting the effect of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The moderation of its tone, and the humane concern which the author professes to feel in the welfare and future destiny of the colored race, have secured for it a wide circulation in the free States of this Union, as well as in England, with the favorable opinion of a large and intelligent class of American and English readers. As the production of a Southern man of the present day, upon the subject of Slavery, it certainly has strong claims upon the respectful attention of the world. The author offers only an apology for Slavery, not a justification, and disavows the wish to perpetuate the system. He allows that the Slavery is attended with great abuses, and has certain odious features which he wishes to see removed. Among these is the practice of separating families, which results from the absence of any law recognizing the matrimonial tie among slaves; and the prohibition, under heavy pains and penalties, of the extension of education to the colored race. These liberal and humane sentiments have secured to the essay of "A Carolinian" a degree of attention and respect which it would not otherwise have received from a discerning public, and a seeming toleration for a system of political philosophy at war with every principle of civil liberty.

Despotic and slaveish are the doctrines enunciated by a "Carolinian," I would be content to remain silent, if he were recognized by the South as its defender and champion, and authorized to make the liberal concessions to the humanity of the age which are contained in his pamphlet. So far as I am concerned, I could waive the assertion of abstract truths on the subject of Slavery, if the South were ready to act upon my suggestions of Reform. But such is not the tone of feeling prevalent in that quarter of the Union at present, whatever it may be a few years hence. I am very happy to see some signs of indications of a reformatory spirit germinating in the Southern mind. Mr. Merriam, in one of the last numbers of his "Southern Review," pointed out the necessity of reforming the institution, and it is remarkable that the review assigned by him, for advising this important change in the policy of the South, is the existence of a strong Anti-Slavery feeling throughout the civilized world. In order to sustain herself in the conflict of opinion, he tells the South that it has become necessary for her to put on a "moral panoply" which will be impervious to the shafts of fanaticism. It is to be lamented that "A Carolinian" and Mr. Fisher are not true representatives of the South on this question of reform. The feeling prevalent among the body of slaveholders, as regards the moral and intellectual condition of their slaves, is one of entire indifference; and any proposition to place legal restraints upon the power of the master, or to elevate the character of the slaves by even permitting their education, would encounter the sternest opposition. Still, I indulge the hope that at no distant day, the Southern mind will be prepared for these important changes.

The pamphlet of "A Carolinian" is not a defense of the institution of Slavery as it exists in the Southern States, but an apology for it under a supposed condition of amelioration. What he has to say of "preaching distant reform"—that it is a "cheap philanthropy," which gives no opportunity of "self-sacrifice"—is very true; but it by no means follows that men should not protest against wrong and error because they have no opportunity of becoming martyrs. The South will not tolerate discussion on the subject of Slavery—not even by her own native-born citizens, and far less by strangers. The press of the Southern States is fettered by a despotism as rigid as that which reigns in Austria, upon all questions in which the institution of Slavery is involved. No voice is heard in their legislative assemblies in favor of any reform or melioration whatever. On the contrary, the ingenuity of modern legislators has been tortured in efforts to tighten the fetters of the colored race. Until the leading minds of the South enter upon the crusade of "preaching philanthropy" at home, they have no right to reproach those who preach it at a distance.

I am far from justifying illegal or improper interference with Slavery, and am fully aware that attempts of that kind are attended with serious injury to the slaves, and greatly obstruct the progress of liberal opinions in the South. But the right of free discussion, not only of our own public affairs, but of those of neighboring States and countries, is natural and universal. Error and wrong may deprecate it, and despotism may forbid it; but truth, and right, and freedom, will always welcome the largest liberty of thought and expression. There is no proposition in morality, religion, or politics, which may not be freely discussed in New England, because her institutions are all free, equitable, and liberal. Her people have nothing to fear from the closest scrutiny in the foundation of laws and institutions. And this freedom of thought and expression exists in all countries in exact proportion to the liberality and equity of their institutions. In the South, Slavery is the delicate subject which must not be inquired into; in France, Russia, Austria, the absolute authority of the monarch; in Rome, the infallibility of the Pope and the Church. Hostility to freedom of speech and the press, in any country, may therefore be set down as an indubitable evidence that the foundations of society are not laid in reason and equity.

The people of the United States, South as well as North, assess and exercise the utmost latitude of discussion upon the affairs of Europe, of Mexico, St. Domingo, and, in a word, of the world at large. They freely protest against the tyranny, temporal and spiritual, which weighs down the people of the countries of those countries, and even Southern men have contributed their money liberally to send out missions of Slavery and despotism. Admit the principles laid down by "A Carolinian" and the Scripture argument for Slavery—once let the public mind settle down upon their correctness—and it will then become a question of expediency whether the great mass of the laboring population, including mechanics, and all who are compelled to struggle for existence, shall be reduced to Slavery immediately, or at a future day. The advocates of these despotical dogmas will doubtless deny that they have the remotest wish to enslave white men, but I have shown, beyond controversy, that all their arguments, whether philosophical or scriptural, if they are good for anything, go to the extent of justifying the enslavement of every poor white man in America. There is no escaping this conclusion. It will not do to disclaim the intention, while they claim the right. They may be sincerely opposed to enslaving white men, and doubtless many of them are so at present; but once admit the justice of their reasons, and their children, growing up with the maxims of Despotism and Slavery constantly sounding in their ears, will imbibe them more thoroughly and exclusively than the present generation have done, and may have less scruple in carrying them out to their logical results.

Carrollton, Greene co., Ill., Dec. 31, 1852.—We gave just as many votes, I think, in this country, for Hale, as there are subscribers to your paper. Although the voting shows but little strength, yet I know that we are gaining rapidly. It is very difficult to get men to let go old party. All we want here is to get the truth before the masses. Go on, and may God speed you.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Dec. 23, 1852.—How changed the times my dear sir, since I broke the ice five years ago, in this section, in order to bring the Era into being. The standard press has indeed become a great tree. May its shadow never be less! I do believe we shall yet live to rejoice over the universal triumph of those great and glorious principles for which we are contending.

Delhi, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1852.—Anti-Slavery principles are approved by three-fourths of our voters in this town, although we got but twenty-three votes for Hale at our election. Some of our most respectable and influential citizens told me, on election day, that if their vote would elect Mr. Hale, he should have it with all their heart; but if they should vote for him, it would not elect him, and their vote would be lost. I believe he that if every man had voted for the candidate that his judgment and conscience approved, Mr. Hale would have had 300 out of the 500 voters of this town. My opinion is not made up from my own feelings or preferences, but from actual conversation with scores of my fellow-citizens. Now, Dr. Bailey, how can we get these dreadful party trammels broken, so that men will vote in agreement with their religious principles and the dictates of an honest heart? I see no better way than to circulate the Era and other kindred papers, to the greatest possible extent.

Brockfield, N. Y., Dec. 30, 1852.—I know of no way an individual can render so efficient service to the cause of freedom in efforts to circulate Anti-Slavery reading among the masses, not merely by distributing now and then a tract, a speech, or sermon, or a subject, each of which have their mission and more or less effective, but by giving them the family newspaper, that cherished weekly that comes laden with the things of wisdom, to be read to the cause we love; and we find at once an agency at work, whose influence in strengthening good purposes and changing the tone of public sentiment is almost undoubted.

With this view, and regarding the Era as pre-eminently fitted for this mission, I have (since its first issue) thought it but a cheerful service to the cause, to call on my friends in this locality at least once a year, compare views on the great question, and ask them to subscribe. And no one, in my view, who has been thus engaged, but must have felt himself greatly cheered while visiting a family that has had the reading of the Era for a year, to see the lively interest manifested by the entire household, from parent to the mere child scarcely able to articulate the names of "Uncle Tom" and "Little Eva," each according to their capacity wondrously interested in the sterling literature thus afforded them. In view of such facts, we can doubt this matter of influence? Do it we can; and with it is a fixed fact.

No less cheering is the change in the sentiment of the community at large. We have but to contrast that of to-day with what it was half a dozen years ago, when the establishment of the Era was regarded in the light of a hazardous experiment. Where in this community at that time now and then one was found to favor the measures and the cause you advocated, and now scores; and I think I may safely say that you enter on a new year with the good will and wishes of by far the greater portion of the inhabitants of central New York.

It would be no great achievement for the dominant class in South Carolina to introduce the system of Peonage, as it exists in Mexico, particularly after we shall have annexed the States of that Republic. The Slavery propagandists have exhibited evident pleasure at the accounts which are given of the system and have boasted that it will be the entering wedge for African Slavery in the United States. Do we not see the same arguments which have been advanced in support of despotism in all ages of the world; in a word, that the champions of American Slavery and the advocates of absolute monarchy have an identity of interests and principles, will be made manifest by a few extracts from the pamphlet of "A Carolinian." He says:

"But it will be said, the great objection against Slavery is, that the power of one man over another is so irresponsible, so little restrained by law or nature. Let us see if there is not often in the life of the freeman a dependence that is more uncertain, more precarious and fatal than the dependence of the slave upon his master. To begin with education, which became instrumental in introducing White Slavery into the present States of the Union. Peonage is the enslavement of the poor

Mexicans for debt; and when Mexico is annexed to our Union, the advocates of Slavery will have overcome the greatest obstacle which stands in their way; and if they fail to establish a system of universal bondage, it will be because the people at that time will have become thoroughly awakened to an understanding of the dangerous and despicable principles which the friends of Slavery are now endeavoring to instill into the public mind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INFORMATION WANTED.

Left the residence of his father, in Perry township, Fayette county, Ohio, on Monday night, Jan. 3d, JOHN BONNER, who is supposed to be laboring under party insanity, and rather disposed to avoid society. He is 24 years of age, 5 feet 8 or 9 inches high, very set, light complexion, hair dark, save a bright blue eye, had on when he left, a black fur, brown sack coat, black cloth vest, dark cassimere pants. All his clothes have been worn some time.

Any information given in reference to the above will be thankfully received and liberally rewarded. Address

NATHANIEL BONNER,
Greenfield, Highland co., Ohio.

Editors receiving this notice will please copy.

EXTRACTS FROM OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

Corning, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1852.—Free Democrats are plenty here since the election, and must be plentier in 1853.

Coila, Washington co., N. Y., Dec. 27, 1852.—New subscribers are more easily obtained since the election. We will do all we can to raise your list to 50,000.

Meridian, Georgia co., N. Y., Dec. 28, 1852.—Our cause is onward. We have about one-fourth of the voters of this town, and we shall succeed. A hint of one of your correspondents to let John P. Hale come out as a People's candidate, without the corruption incident to a National Convention, is in time. Let us advocate a direct vote for President, and a People's candidate, in addition to our platform.

Wright's Cor. P. O., N. Y., Dec. 27, 1852.—The signs of the times look more brightly. I feel like new courage, though I confess, for two or three years past, I have lost paroxysms of fear. The result of the late election has so changed the aspect of political matters that a great work seems to be suddenly presented, to rouse the energies of all Liberty-loving men.

I still approve of the course of the Era, and feel that the cause is safe at the seat of the National Government in such hands. It must ultimately triumph!

North Evans, Erie co., Dec. 27, 1852.—This fall we cast forty-two votes for Hale and Julian; a large proportion of these have had access to the Era.

With those timely disclosures you have given through the Era, we have been enabled to strip the fig-leaf covering from those two great parties, by which they have endeavored to hide their political corruptions. * * *

Give us the facts and arguments, and the Free Democracy of 1856 will make Hunkerism tremble for its very existence.

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